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NOTICE.

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YOUNG CANADA.

There he is, full of life and spirit, and, well protected from the assaults of Jack Frost, and laughingly sets the icybreathed king at defiance. He pays but little attention to the many questions of tremendous import which are now moving the world. The fact of an impending war between Russia and Turkey interests him much less than his impending upset in a snow drift.

What a young giant he is, and how secure in his own strength, which is of less importance to him just now than his weakness; but in years to come what may he not grow up into. In a few years more he will have day-dreams of future power and usefulness; then again he will be alone in the world fighting for a name and position which he once thought the world would solicit him to take so that it might be honored. He will then learn to give and receive hard knocks, and will conquer or be conquered; earn for himself an honored name and place amongst honest men or dishonor that given him by his parents.

But there is not much danger of the latter, if his parents have done their duty to him. If a mean act is his abhorrence, a mean thought, a stranger to his mind, he will be proof against the temptations he may be thrown into. If he have a good constitution it will be a good help to him, for many temptations come through these ills which the poet says flesh is heir to, but which in more instances than we would like to acknowledge is his through purchase or through hard persevering work. If his mind be well stored with knowledge, with a good foundation of that truth which leads to life everlasting, and a good constitution, he may be sent out on the world with little fear, and it will be very strange indeed if his little bark be cast adrift, and he do not end his life journey in safety.

And when this end comes, what a difference will there be from the picture before us. There will be locks of silver forming a glorious covering to his head, perhaps rivalling the snow his sleigh now disturbs in whiteness and purity. He will then be as weak as now and will trust in that weakness for strength. He will look back over years of busy life, of bustle and work, and hurry; and they will appear of little importance to him. He will live in the remembrance of what he was as a child, and as his limbs grow weaker, and the present almost passes out of his knowledge, then the long ago past will become stronger and stronger, and his trust in God will be as pure and implicit as his trust in the long ago had been to his earthly father. Then as his life grows into the future, more pleasant and glorious even than the past, and the immense vista of eternity opens to his gaze he will lose all idea

YOUNG CANADA.

(Reproduced from Harper's Bazaar.)

of the importance of this life except as a preparation and education for what is to come, and pass into the inheritance not worked for but freely given, a joint heir with Christ.

Such we hope may be the future of all the representatives of Young Canada, broader yet of Young America, and such dear readers of the MESSENGER we hope your lives may be leaving behind you footprints well defined, giving no little strength and comfort to others who may follow you.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD DIFFICULTIES.

"It was several years before the Prince and Queen together could make household matters in the royal palaces run smoothly. While nominally master and mistress there, they were in reality little better than lodgers in a hotel, where the landlord and servants had no reason to care whether or no the guests were made comfortable. The palace was officially under the control of three great officers of State, the lord-steward, the lord-chamberlain, and the master of the horse, while the outside was to be looked after by the office of woods and forests. These officers were changed with every change of ministry, and each had a governing voice in the regulation of the royal household. None of them were on the spot, and only the lord-steward had even a deputy to represent him, so that two-thirds of the great army of servants had nobody in particular to whom they were responsible. The functions belonging to the several sets of masterless servants had come to be so cut up that it was almost a matter of chance whether the most common duties would be performed. If a fire was wanted, it was the place of the lord-steward's servants to put the coal in the grate, but the lord chamberlain's servants must light it. The lord-steward provided the lamps and candles; but the lord chamberlain trimmed and lighted them. If a window required cleaning, the servants of the lord-chamberlain must wash the inside, and those of the woods and forests the outside; and it was by no means to be assumed that both sets would agree upon a time; and "before a broken pane of glass could be set or a closet door mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be secured, that months might pass before the repairs would be effected."—*Appleton's Journal.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

VI.

1. Whom did his servants treacherously slay
   As sleeping on his couch at noon he lay?
2. A prince who, with a missionary band,
   Went forth to preach throughout the Holy Land.
3. A town where mighty miracles were wrought,
   Which for its sin was to destruction brought.
4. Before what idol did a Syrian bend
   Lest he his heathen master should offend?
5. Who to withstand the Apostle's preaching sought,
   And on himself a fearful judgment brought?
6. What did once save from death the human race,
   And for a year was their sole dwelling-place?
7. A prophet who was called in early youth,
   And till old age he served the God of truth.
8. A mother who did early teach her boy
   The way that leads to everlasting joy.
9. What king against the tribes of Israel fought
   Because a passage through his land they sought?
10. A word here used in Esther's regal hall,
    Her impious king to penitence to call.
11. What king would not take counsel of the wise,
    But till his father's counsellors despise?
12. What makes the gold with purest lustre shine,
    And is an emblem of God's Word Divine?
13. What beauteous creatures dwell in heaven above,
    And visit earth on messages of love?
14. Who did, when Judah's tribe was borne away,
    The ruler of the remnant basely slay?
15. Who brought good news, the apostle's heart to cheer,
    When he was sore oppressed with grief and fear?
16. A blessed emblem of our Saviour dear,
    For those that trust in Him need never fear.

In the *initials* of these words we read
A prayer for that which above all we need.
Without this gift the world would be most drear:
The next be viewed with overwhelming fear.
It casts its beams on every scene of woe,
And throws a radiance on our path below.

SPEAK IN A LOW VOICE.—A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one had ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant. He replied: "If you never allow your voice to rise, you will not be likely ever to get very angry."

—Never harbor animosity toward a friend for a mere hasty expression. Forgiveness is a God-like quality, and a true friend is so scarce that he should not be repudiated on slight grounds; but those who injure you from "malice prepense" should be shunned as you should avoid a tiger.

—Chalmers says: "The mere existence of the prophecy, 'they shall learn war no more,' is a sentence of condemnation upon war, and stamps a criminality on its very forehead; so as soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendancy in the world, from that moment war disappears."

Temperance Department.

WHY HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

BY ALMA.

The son of Mr. Jeremy Lord, aged fourteen, was spending the afternoon with one of his young friends, and his stay was prolonged into the evening, during which some male friends of the family dropped in. The boys withdrew with the backgammon-box into the recess of the bay-window at the end of the room, and the gentlemen went on chatting about the most important matters of the day, politics, &c. Still apparently enjoying the game, the two boys kept their ears open, as boys will, and taking cue from the sentiments expressed by their elders, endorsed one or the other as they happened to agree with them.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked Mr. Benedict, the host. A simultaneous "thank you" went round, and a smile of satisfaction lighted all faces but one. Not that he was gloomy, or a drawback on the rest, but his smile was not one of assent. A box of cigars was soon forthcoming, costly and fragrant, as the word goes.

"Fine cigar," said one, as he held it to his nose before lighting. "What Linton, you don't smoke?"

"I'm happy to say I do not," was the firm rejoinder.

"Well, now, you look like a smoking man, jolly, care-free, and all that. I'm quite surprised," said another.

"We are hardly doing right, are we," asked a rubicund-visaged man, who puffed away heartily, "to smoke in the parlor? I condone that much to my wife's dislike of the weed. She makes a great ado about the curtains, you know."

"For my part, that's a matter I don't trouble myself about," said the host, broadly. "There's no room in this house too good for me and my friends to smoke in. My wife has always understood that, and she yields of course."

"But you don't know how it chokes her," said young Hal Benedict, *sotto voce*. "Yes, indeed, it gets all through the house, you know, and she almost always goes into Aunt Nellie's when there are two or three smoking. There she goes now," he added, as the front door shut.

"Why it's absolutely driving her out of the house, isn't it?" asked Johnny. "Too bad!"

"Why don't you smoke, Dalton?" queried one of the party; "'fraid of it? Given it up lately? It don't agree with some constitutions."

"Well, if you want to know why I don't smoke, friend Jay," was the answer, "I will tell you; I respect my wife too much."

"Why you don't mean"—stammered his questioner.

"I mean simply what I said. When I married, I was addicted to the use of cigars. I saw that the smoke annoyed her, though she behaved with the utmost good taste and forbearance, and I cut down my cigars so as to smoke only when going and returning from business. I then considered what my presence must be to a delicate and sensitive woman, with breath and clothes saturated with the odor, and I began to be disgusted with myself, so that finally I dropped the habit, and I can't say I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't be, I know," said another, admiringly. "I'm candid enough to own it, and I think your wife ought to be very much obliged to you."

"On the contrary, it is I who ought to be obliged to my wife," said Mr. Dalton, while the host smoked on in silence, very red in the face, and evidently wincing under the reproof that was not meant.

"I say that Dalton is a brick," whispered young Benedict, as he swept his men off the board first.

"He's splendid!" supplemented Johnny, who was thinking his own thoughts while the smoke was really getting too much for him, and presently he took his leave.

The next day Johnny was thoughtful, so quiet, indeed, that everybody noticed it, and in the evening, when his father lighted his pipe with its strong tobacco, Johnny seemed on thorns.

"I can't think that you don't respect mother," he blurted out, and then his face grew the color of scarlet flannel.

"What do you mean?" asked his father, in a severe voice. "I say, what do you mean, sir?"

"Because mother hates the smoke so; because it gets into the curtains and carpet,—and—and because I heard Mr. Dalton last night give as a reason that he did not smoke, that he respected his wife too much."

"Pshaw! Your mother don't mind my smoking—do you, mother?" he asked, jocularly, as his wife entered just then.

"Well—I—used to rather more than I do now. One could get accustomed to anything, I suppose; so I go on the principle that what can't be cured must be endured."

"Nonsense! you know I could stop to-morrow, if I wanted to," he laughed.

"But you won't want to," she said, softly

I don't know whether Johnny's father gave up the weed. Most likely not; but if you want to see what really came of it, I will give you a peep at the following paper, written some years ago, and which happens to be in my possession.

"I, John Lord, of sound mind, do make this first day of January, 1861, the following resolutions, which I pray God I may keep:

"*First.* I will not get married till I own a house, for I expect Uncle Henry Lake will give me one, one of these days, because my mother says he will.

"*Second.* I will never swear, because it is silly as well as wicked.

"*Third.* I will never smoke, and so make myself disagreeable to everybody who comes near me, and I will always keep these words as my motto after I am married:

"'I don't smoke, because I respect my wife.' Mr. Dalton said that and I will never forget it.

"Signed, etc., etc."

Isn't that boy all over? But Johnny kept his word like a hero.—*Youth's Companion.*

"DO ALL IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS."

PARTING WORDS IN SCOTLAND FROM MAJOR COLE.

Major Cole, of Chicago, who has been in Campbeltown, Argyllshire, with his family, for the last eight weeks, and has held a number of meetings, gave a farewell address on the evening of Sunday, the 19th ult., in the parish church, which was crowded to the doors by a most attentive audience.

In the course of his remarks he said: I believe, as firmly as I believe I will meet you in eternity, that if there is going to be a great work of the Lord in this place, a work that will shake your city, it will only be when these distilleries are swept from your midst. I have no ill-will to any distiller or poor drunkard here. I love them both, and it is just because I do love them that I speak as I now do. But I pray professing Christians here to shut up distilleries before God visits them in his wrath. It is a solemn thing to stand before an audience knowing you have got to meet at the bar of God, and I speak it in love. Oh! do remove the hindrances to the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus out of the way. I have travelled about a good deal, and know of no hindrance to the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom like intemperance.

You perhaps say, "We will join you in that; we hate intemperance, and will be only too glad to see it put down, but we are not to be blamed for men drinking." Well, let us look what our text says, "Whatsoever ye do," &c. Can you distillers say that you carry on your business in the name of the Lord Jesus? I would like any or all the distillers present just to come forward to the pulpit and give thanks to God for their distilleries, and ask God to bless their business. Perhaps there is a minister present who will pray for your institutions; or an elder who is a distiller. Let them just come forward.

Look at the text, and then just imagine such a prayer as this, "O God, in the name of Jesus, we ask you to protect our distilleries from destruction by lightning, storm, or fire. May they stand until Christ comes to reward us for what they have done. Bless the thousands of barrels of whisky sent from this town; may none of them be wasted. Bless our poor workmen as they take the three drinks we give them daily, and especially bless the gallon of whiskey that we give to each of them at the end of the year to gladden their homes. Bless us as we go from the Lord's table to our distilleries. Bless especially the elders in our churches and in our employ who are kept from the house of God because their services are needed in the distilleries. Bless, O Father, the little children who work for us on the Sabbath, and are thus kept from the Sabbath-school. Remember, O God, the widows and orphans that whiskey has made. Have mercy, we pray Thee, on the thieves, liars, whoremongers, Sabbath-breakers, and murderers that our distilleries are making, and keep us from their hell, for it is an eternal hell. Amen."

Who dare offer such a prayer? Yet under the cloak of religion you are doing it and, I believe if there has been anything evil "invented" it is whiskey. You will perhaps say you do not like anyone to be so personal. Let us look at Matthew xxiii. The preaching of Jesus Christ we see there was very personal preaching. I beg the Christians in this town to pray earnestly until these distilleries are destroyed or turned into something that will alike be honoring to God and helpful to humanity.

No matter what the crime is, the devil will find excuses. When in Liverpool some time ago, there were no less than seven murders committed, and it was found that six out of seven were set down to whiskey. *That was their excuse.* Do you think their excuses will count for anything at the bar of God? I know a great many think that by giving to the Church they are doing God's service, and insuring themselves against eternal rejection. Some may have given a bell, or a tower, or a corner-stone, thinking it would be put down to their account. But no! Let each one of us see how we stand before God; the Church cannot save us.

How God is going to take this hindrance out of the way I don't know, but he can do it; and He will. In America, there were many churches built by slave-owners, and slavery seemed as strong and immovable as the drink traffic. It seemed immovable. Oh! the bitter wails and cries that went up. The professing Church said "it would do no good to cry." No, it did no good to cry to man, but God heard the cry of the oppressed slave, and the accursed system tottered and fell. America was drenched in blood, but the slaves are *free!*

That slavery was nothing to the slavery of intemperance. The cries, the groans, and the agonies of the sufferers by this terrible traffic in strong drink are going up to God, and by-and-by God will answer them, and blast your distilleries, and the churches that uphold this traffic. He will utterly destroy. Better a thousand times to preach in a boat, better to stand on the streets or on the quay, than to have churches supported by whiskey.—*The Christian.*

RANSOM'S SECRET.

A man's daily life is the best test of his moral and social state. Take two men, for instance, both working at the same trade and earning the same money; yet how different they may be as respects their actual condition. The one looks a free man; the other a slave. The one lives in a snug cottage; the other in a mud hovel. The one has always a decent coat to his back; the other is in rags. The children of the one are clean, well dressed and at school; the children of the other are dirty, filthy, and often in the gutter. The one possesses the ordinary comforts of life, as well as many of its pleasures and conveniences—perhaps a well-chosen library; the other has few of the comforts of life, certainly no pleasures, enjoyments, nor books. And yet these two men earn the same wages. What is the cause of the difference between them?

It is in this. The one man is intelligent and prudent; the other is the reverse. The one denies himself for the benefit of his wife, his family, and his home; the other denies himself nothing, but lives under the tyranny of evil habits. The one is a sober man, and takes his pleasure in making his home attractive and his family comfortable; the other cares nothing for his home and family, but spends the greater part of his earnings in the gin shop or the public-house. The one man looks up; the other looks down. The standard of enjoyment of the one is high; and of the other low. The one man likes books, which instruct and elevate his mind; the other likes drink, which tends to lower and brutalize him. The one saves his money; the other wastes it.

"I say, mate," said one workman to another, as they went home one evening from their work, "will you tell me how it is that you contrive to get on? how it is that you manage to feed and clothe your family as you do, and put money in the Penny Bank besides; whilst I, who have as good wages as you and fewer children, can barely make the ends meet?"

"Well, I will tell you; it only consists in this—in *taking care of the pennies!*"

"What! Is that all, Ransom?"

"Yes, and a good 'all' too. Not one in fifty knows the secret. For instance, Jack, *you* don't."

"How! I? Let's see how you make that out."

"Now you have asked my secret, I'll tell you all about it. But you must not be be offended if I speak plain. First, I pay nothing for my drink."

"Nothing? Then you don't pay your shot, but sponge upon your neighbors."

"Never! I drink water, which costs nothing. Drunken days have all their to-morrows, as the old proverb says. I spare myself sore heads and shaky hands, and save my pennies. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. And that, let me tell you, makes a considerable difference in our out-go. It may amount to about half-a-crown a week, or seven pounds a year. That seven pounds will clothe myself and children, while you are out at elbows, and your children go barefoot."

"Come, come, that's going too far. I don't drink at that rate. I may take an odd half-pint now and then; but half-a-crown a week! Pooh! pooh!"

"Well, then, how much did you spend on drink last Saturday night? Out with it."

"Let me see: I had a pint with Jones; I think I had another with Davis, who is jus going to Australia; and then I went to the lodge."

"Well how many glasses had you there?"

"How can I tell? I forget. But it's all stuff and nonsense, Bill!"

"Oh, you can t tell: you don't know what you spent? I believe you. But that's the way your pennies go, my lad."

"And that s all your secret?"

"Yes; take care of the penny—that's all. Because I save, I have, when you want. It's very simple, isn't it."

"Simple, oh yes; but there's nothing in it."

"Yes! there's this in it,—that it has made you ask me the question, how I manage to keep my family so comfortably, and put money in the Penny Bank, while you, with the same wages, can barely make the ends meet. Money is independence, and money is made by putting pennies together. Besides, I work so hard for mine,—and so do you,—that I can t find in my heart, a penny to waste on drink, when I can put it beside a few other hard-earned pennies in the bank. It's something for a sore foot or a rainy day. There's that in it, Jack; and there s comfort also in the thought that, whatever may happen to me, I needn't beg nor go to the work-house. The saving of the penny makes me feel a free man. The man always in debt, or without a penny beforehand, is little better than a slave."

"But if we had our rights, the poor would not be so hardly dealt with as they now are."

"Why, Jack, if you had your rights to-morrow, would they put your money back into your pocket after you had spent it?—would your rights give your children shoes and stockings when you had chosen to waste on beer what would have bought them? Would your rights make you or your wife thriftier, or your hearthstone cleaner? Would rights wash your children's faces or mend the holes in your clothes? No, no, friend! Give us our rights by all means, but *rights are not habits*, and it's habits we want—good habits. With these we can be free men and independent men *now*, if we but determine to be so. Good night, Jack, and mind my secret,—it s nothing but *taking care of the pennies*, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"Good night!" And Jack turned off at the lane-end towards his humble and dirty cottage, in Main's Court. I might introduce you to his home,—but "home" it could scarcely be called. It was full of squalor and untidiness, confusion and dirty children, where a slattern-looking woman was scolding. Ransom's cottage, on the contrary, *was* a home. It was snug, trim, and neat; the hearth-stone was fresh sanded; the wife, though her hands were full of work, was clean and tidy; and her husband, his day's work over, could sit down with his children about him in peace and comfort.

The *chief secret* was now revealed. Ransom s secret about the penny was a very good one so far as it went. But he had not really told the whole truth. He could not venture to tell his less fortunate comrade that the root of all domestic prosperity, the mainstay of all domestic comfort, is *the wife;* and Ransom s wife was all that a working man could desire. There can be no thrift, nor economy, nor comfort at home unless the wife helps;—and a working man's wife more than any other man s; for she is wife, housekeeper, nurse, and servant all in one. If she be thriftless, putting money into her hands is like pouring water through a sieve. Let her be frugal, and she will make her home a place of comfort, and she will also make her husband s life happy—if she do not lay the foundation of his prosperity and fortune.—*Smiles.*

—Rev. J. F. Gardiner, at a recent medical conference in England, said that "Within one hundred yards of the Sailors' Home at Liverpool, there were forty-seven public houses, and the publicans actually strewed sawdust on the pavement in front of them, and sprinkled rum over it, so that the smell of the spirit might decoy sailors within their doors."

—The city of Salem in Oregon has adopted this original method of dealing with drunkenness. When any person becomes intemperately given to strong drink, a certain number of citizens may petition to have him declared a drunkard. The petition is directed to the City Recorder, who gives notice, by publication in some daily paper, that the person named in the petition has been declared a "common drunkard." After such notice, it is unlawful for any one "to give or sell to such person, or assist him in getting, any wine, spirituous or malt liquor."

Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!

DEUT. 32: 29.

Agricultural Department.

RURAL TOPICS.

RAISE YOUR OWN COWS.

A writer in the *Colonial Farmer* says: Many dairymen sell their calves, and buy cows when wanted, but this is not a good practice, as I claim that cows can be raised cheaper than they can be bought—that is, really good cows, which have a large flow of milk, and are a breed, or grade, valuable for beef. Dairymen should breed from stock that is extra valuable for milk. Such cows are obtained by degrees; they may be grades or pure bloods; but when obtained, it is very unwise to sell the calves of such cows to the butchers, because in a few years one runs out of such good stock, if he sells his calves, and then he is compelled to take cows of an inferior grade, as first-class cows are seldom offered for sale. It does not follow that when good cows are obtained their calves will always make equally good milkers; but like generally produces like, and farmers can keep up the good qualities of their dairy stock better by raising than by purchasing their cows. For milk, and also for beef, a Short Horn and Ayrshire grade, or a Short Horn grade crossed on Ayrshire cows make very valuable dairy stock. An old and feeble cow should never be bred, if her calves are to be raised, as disease is hereditary. In regard to the points of a good cow, in order to perpetuate a healthy constitution in her offspring, I annex the following from the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England: "The head small: muzzle fine and tapering; nostrils large and open; the eyes full and lustrous; the ears small and not too thick; the head well set on the neck: the distance between the ears and the angle of the jaw short, but the width behind the ears considerable (no dairy cow should have a short, thick neck); the chest wide and deep; the girth, taken immediately behind the shoulders, should correspond with the length from behind the ears to the rise of the tail; the carcass of a barrel shape, for a thin, flat-ribbed animal eats largely, thrives badly, and is usually liable to diarrhœa; there should be but little space between the prominence of the hip and the last rib; the quarter large; the measurement from the prominence of the haunch backward to the rise of the tail and downward to the hock as great as possible; the hind part of the haunch thick and broad; the hock thick and pliant; smallness of bone is a sure indication of early maturity and aptitude for fattening."

DRYING OFF COWS.

Valuable cows are sometimes lost by improper drying off. If much milk is allowed to remain in the udder it becomes coagulated, and somewhat putrid; and if not removed the cow may be lost. Mr. Willard, the noted dairy writer, says:

"Cows cannot be dried of their milk at once, and some cows continue to secrete milk in small quantities for a long time. Even in all cases where the animal has ceased to give milk, or is what is termed 'dry,' she should have her udder examined from time to time and the teats tried to see if any milk can be drawn. At first the trial should be made at intervals of two or three days, and if there is a particle of milk in the bag it should be all thoroughly drawn. Then the trial may be made at longer intervals. When they are supposed to be completely dry, the rule should be to go through the herd every week, making trial of the teats to see if any milk can be drawn. And this work cannot safely be entrusted to "hired help," but must be performed under the "eye of the master." Many persons are not aware of the importance of drying cows, and hired help often think it a piece of folly to try to draw milk from a dry cow. We have had such men, and they were good, honest men, too, and they would insist that certain cows were perfectly dry, but yet, when put to the test under our rule of trying the teats once a week during winter, we have found, in numerous instances, that small quantities of thick milk or a watery fluid could be drawn from the udder."

SOWING CLOVER ON GRASS.

Farmers may succeed in making clover grow on grass lands, without plowing the land, if the sod is not thickly covered with grass, but open in places between the tufts, so as to admit of harrowing in the seed. Sow the seed quite thick, as early in the spring as the ground will admit, and be dry. Then run a fine tooth harrow over the land till the seed is covered, or the most of it mixed with the loosened earth; then roll the land, and in due time a crop of clover will appear; but it will be in danger of being smothered by the grass, perhaps; and if it be, when the grass has grown high enough to be cut by a mower it should be cut, and fed green to stock; and if plaster be sown on the land, as soon as the clover, appears, it will get such a growth in a few weeks that the grass cannot check it. Fields that are not well covered with grass, may be improved in this manner, or other grass seed may be sown instead of clover, and several kinds of grass seed would be better than one kind. Perhaps it would be better to pasture such lands till the new seeding gets a good growth, rather than cut the grass when it is but a few inches high. There is no good reason why farmers should not experiment in this way sometimes. Then let them seed down a plowed field to grass next spring, without the usual grain crop. I have known a good crop of hay to be cut the first season on fields thus seeded; and be sure that you seed with several kinds of grasses, which produce a firmer sward, and one that will stand the frosts of winter better than one kind will.

BITTER CREAM.

Cream becomes bitter by keeping it too long before it is churned. A butter-maker says: "In summer there is little bitter milk or cream, because the cream is churned sooner than in winter, seldom reaching the third day. Sometimes, where there is a single cow kept, I have known the bitter to show on account of the small quantity of cream accumulating. The summer practice is reversed in the winter. There being too little milk to require frequent churning than say one, and sometimes two churnings a week we account readily for the evils complained of. The fore part of the season, when milk is in greater quantity, necessitating more frequent churning, I hear of but little complaint. It matters not how good the feed is—if the tenderest hay and roots are added, making an approach to summer feed—nor how clean the milk is kept, the most perfect milk if set beyond three days will be hurt. The writer of this has filled the vessel, leaving barely space enough for a cloth to be stretched over without touching the milk, and a snug lid put on, keeping the air out, but all to no purpose. So, in the purest air, in all temperatures, it is the same.

VEGETABLES IN THE FARMERS' FAMILY.

Vegetables, to the thinker on domestic and political economy, suggest food for serious contemplation—serious as affecting our stomachs, the most susceptible part of our beings, and serious as affecting not only our domestic comfort, but our pockets. The methods and practices of our New England farming for the last ten years have developed many radical changes, which, in our view, must upside most decidedly the farming interests, unless some radical cure springs up as an offset. It is patent to all that we grow less beef, less mutton, less poultry, less pork every year. Why? The farmers say they cannot afford it. Can they afford to put all their earnings into the butcher's cart, to send West every year, and let their pastures lie idle? Is it better economy in the long run, to get nothing for the use of their scant pastures to take three per cent. where they were used to gaining more? Is it better to buy Western corn at 70 cents, and earn the money to pay for it in some other direction or pursuit, letting their lands lie idle, than to raise it at 75 or 80 cents even? These are only small items compared with the whole. Step into one of our grocery stores, and look over one of the shelves, and what do you find? Canned fruit, canned vegetables, canned fish, canned meats—in fact, almost all varieties of food canned for the table. Look further, and you will find most of them are canned West or South. Temptingly put up, with handsome labels outside, toothsome food inside, the farmers buy, because it is cheaper than to raise them. That word "cheap" has a most potent effect on the times than any Presidential elect tion. What is the remedy? If we cannot grow the meat, we must have more and better vegetables. At our late exhibition there was a noticeable absence of two very important vegetables—the pea and the tomato. In years past some English and Scotch gardeners have been experimenting in the growth of the pea, with marvellous success. Would we have been produced that should never be absent from the daily board of the farmer's meals. The tomato is equally good, as a toothsome condiment. The onion, also, although in many farmers' families considered a luxury, is, according to eminent physicians, a great corrective and alterative of the human system when freely consumed, and a preventive, as well as a remedy, for some affections of the kidneys that are becoming so alarmingly frequent among our active men of middle life. The same influence upon the liver is attributed to the free use of the tomato. Equally effective is the celery plant upon the nervous system. But the great questions of food and economy are the ones which come nearest home. Is is of no use to talk of the heart and the moral senses until the stomach is right. To have that right it must be well filled. If the farmers of New England, and particularly those within the limits of this Society, are short of money, short of beef and pork, and cannot see their way clear to grow more of these articles on their farms, they must eat more and better vegetables. The list is large, succulent, and healthy. Judging from the specimens we have examined, they can be grown successfully not only for summer, but for winter consumption. Let our wives and daughters wear one less plaited flounce, and devote a little time to preparing them for winter use in the family. We have so burdened ourselves with business and superfluities that a goodly portion of our vital forces is expended in taking care of things, instead of procuring food and raiment. But, as we must work or starve, why not accept the situation, and when spring opens begin at the garden, and let our tables groan, if need be, with the fulness thereof?—*From a Committee Report by A. P. Peck to the Northampton (Mass.) Agricultural Society.*

CATTLE FOOD.—Experience teaches us that cattle thrive best on a mixed diet. All hay or all grain will produce less beef than hay and grain. The animal structure of the ox also demands bulk in food, as well as richness; the feeding of concentrated food being only profitable so far as the animal assimilates it—beyond that simply increasing the manure heap, at a cost far beyond its value. The ox has approximately eleven and one-half pounds of stomach, with only two and one-half pounds of intestines, to each one hundred pounds of live weight; the sheep has less stomach and more intestines, giving a smaller percentage of digestive apparatus; while the pig for every one hundred pounds of his live weight has only two and one-third pounds of stomach to six pounds of intestines. A steer would thrive on a bulk of straw, with a little oil-meal, that would shrink a sheep and starve a pig. Pork can be produced from clear corn-meal, while mutton requires a greater variety of food and beef cattle would become dyspeptic and diseased with its exclusive use. A thoughtful attention to these broad facts will change much injudicious feeding into cheaper meat production.—*Cultivator.*

THE HIRED MEN OF THE FARM.—As a class, the hired men of the farm are rapidly becoming one of the greatest trials of farming, not only on account of their incompetency, but because of their immorality and profanity. There could not be a more demoralizing influence in the home-circle than they often produce. Seeds of sin and vice are quickly sown in youthful minds, and, if the mother does not keep her boys from mingling with the farm-laborers of the day, in a few months she will see cause to bitterly regret her neglect. And it is time that parents should understand the injury they are inflicting upon their children when they hire the ignorant laborers who yearly flock down from the Canadas to find work in the rural districts of New England. To be sure, there are happy exceptions to the general rule: for not all of that class are corrupt. Yet the generality of them will prove so, and one should guard against introducing them into the home. Besides, the extra work they make the housewife should be borne in mind; and a farmhouse should be erected, at a expense of a few hundred dollars, where the hands could live by themselves, and the housewife not be forced to cook and iron for them, when she has her hands more than occupied with her own family.—*N. Y. Independent.*

GREEN FOOD.—Green food is essential to the well-being of poultry at all seasons of the year. When fowls are limited to confined quarters, this must be supplied to them artificially, to keep them in good health. In winter time we can give them cabbages or chopped turnips and onions from time to time; short, late dried hay (or rowen) is very good for a change; corn-stalk leaves, chopped fine, they will eat with a relish. In early spring time when the ground first softens from the frost pasture sods thrown into their pens will be ravenously eaten by them; and as soon as the new grass starts (unless they can have free access to the fields or lawn) they should be supplied with this excellent succulent daily. For young chickens, nothing is so beneficial and so grateful as a run upon the newly grown grass; and next to this indulgence they should have an ample supply of cut or pulled grass every day.

—How successfully art may come to the aid of nature is illustrated by the experience of a Mr. Sandford, of Nantucket, who writes to the Boston *Advertiser* concerning his crops on that heretofore barren island. He has used in the past year a thousand waggon loads of kelp or gulf weed, as a fertilizer, with excellent effects. The weed is secured in great quantities between the tides. With this weed thrown at his feet, Mr. Sandford has raised 100 tons of hay, 600 bushels of corn, 1,500 bushels of turnips, beets and carrots, fodder for thirty-five heads of cattle and horses, besides making 1,400 pounds of butter, killing beef, sheep, turkeys, and other fowls, and raising 3,000 pounds of pork. And all this on a barren sand bank.

DOMESTIC.

THE STUDY OF HEALTH.

A person who intended moving this spring was looking through a house that seemed promising. He inquired of the inmates whether they considered the house healthy, adding that his wife was an invalid. "We are all invalids here," was the reply, "and have never noticed anything wrong with the house." He did not take the house, and went away discouraged. It is sad to consider the pass to which we are come with regard to health. So many women are hindered by their infirmities from taking pleasure out of the life that lies so fair before their stronger sisters; yet many a weak and listless one can look back to a time of perfect physical comfort, when long days spent in the sweet-breathed fields left no headache behind, when a whole winter day of sliding down a long hill and trotting up again was a perfect delight. That same hill is a great trouble now, and such a one sighs as she remembers bygone days and feels herself a failure. Although not a hopeless case really, she is one in effect, for only one out of many will break through the mistaken living of years with any determination that she may taste again the vigor to which she was born. That some mistake has hindered the hardy child from increasing in strength and perfecting as she grew, must be plain to every mind.

With all that has been said with regard to healthful living, more knowledge on this subject is required, not so much in general as in particular. We all understand that cleanliness, fresh air, good rest, exercise, regular hours, and good food are the six considerations for those who wish to be strong. The great difficulty arises in the application of these. Take a simple instance: A is a man, B is his wife. A, who is strong and hearty, thinks fried ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hot biscuit and green tea a befitting supper. B is delicate, and has been reading health magazines; she calls green tea a mild poison, says that the fried food is food almost ruined, and knows that hot bread is injurious. What then? She has learned to have these kind of dishes on the table. A is satisfied, so with a dejected feeling that she is doing wrong she joins A in eating all she wants of this sort of food and suffers accordingly. What B absolutely needs is the knowledge of how to make dishes that will delight A and at the same be wholesome. She probably wastes half her daily strength digesting food that is unsuited to her. Nor will she mend matters by trying to live on bread and milk to save the trouble of getting up the new bill of fare.

It is the duty of every woman to learn all she can by reading and much thought on the subject of health, not only for her own sake but for the sake of those whom she may influence.—*N. Y. Witness.*

BREAD HASH.—Chop any kind of cold meat quite fine. Scald twice as much dry bread as there is meat. When soft, drain dry, and mix with meat; add pepper, salt, a little butter, and sufficient good cream to make it sufficiently soft. Mix all thoroughly and warm. Send to table hot.

PERMANENT WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of freshly burned lime, slake it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve, and add to it seven pounds of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of boiled rice ground to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; one-half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from dust. It must be put on quite hot. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard.—*Tribune.*

BROILED STEAK.—First be sure that the fire is good, but not too hot. The gridiron should be kept always smooth and perfectly clean; but to make assurance doubly sure, wash and rub dry and smooth just before using. Rub briskly with chalk to remove all roughness, then wipe with a dry cloth. Have it hot when the steak is put on; open all the drafts to carry off smoke, while broiling. Throw a little salt on the fire to prevent scorching, and then put on the steak, and set the gridiron down close over the fire for a few minutes to heat the surface quickly—turn and do the same with the other side. Now expose it to a less intense heat, by raising the gridiron from the range, by means of two bricks. Turn the steak often and with care. When done, lay it on a hot platter, in which an ounce and a half of butter has been melting with a small teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and a few bits of chopped parsley well mixed. Turn the steak over two or three times in this dressing and send to table hot.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE.

(CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*)

Farmer Hellen and Fred muffled themselves up and set out through the fierce rain; and Helen, whose poor little brain and heart were fast approaching the limit of their endurance, worried herself all the time they were away, in imagining the evils which Grim Jim might inflict on one or the other, or both of them.

They returned in a great state of excitement. The parish clerk, on going to the church in the morning, had opened the tower-door as usual, with the key which Nanny had left at his house; but when he went to open the porch-door, he had found that the key in the lock had already been turned—that the door was only on the latch. The poor-box had been broken open and emptied. And when, as it was Sacrament Sunday, he had gone to the safe in the vestry, to get out the communion plate, he had discovered that the iron door had been wrenched from its hinges and then put on them again, and the chalice, flagon and paten had disappeared.

Nanny stoutly maintained that she had securely locked the porch-door the night before, but no one except little Helen believed her.

CHAP. IV.—AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Poor little Helen! Grim Jim had brought evil enough on her and hers, but he was destined to bring more.

Dr. Morris had to be sent for, since fever seized her, and she talked so wildly that her father and brothers and the servants did not know what to make of her. On the Sunday evening she first became "queer," she had a very bad night, and was so much worse in the morning that Fred drove in at a gallop to Romanchester for Dr. Morris before breakfast.

Muffled up, and with his head bent to avoid the fierce summer rain, he was soon seated by Fred's side, and reeling along the Old Bere road.

"Hum!" he said, as he felt the little girl's full pulse, and tried to get a look at the flushed face and bloodshot eyes which she turned away from him; "cerebral — cerebral — violent inflammation." Then he bled her, and promised to send out leeches, and ordered her head to be shaved, and kept cool with vinegar and water, and so on.

After that he went downstairs, and ate a hearty breakfast, with a leisureliness which irritated Fred, who wanted to get the leeches, and started indifferent topics, but still the conversation rolled back to little Helen.

One of the servants who had sat up with her told the docter that the child talked as if she saw a man by her bedside, and yet all the time she were in the church.

"Ah," said the doctor, with his mouth full of ham, egg, and toast, as he shook his head profoundly, "hallucination;" and the girl looked as if she thought Helen ought to feel better after that learned remark.

Often did Helen see that grim man by her bedside and scream out for protection against him; yet even in her disease she kept a bridle on her lips as to the identity of the spectre that troubled her. The doctor profoundly whispered.—

"Depend upon it some one has given her a scare."

"I'll wring his neck if you can tell us *who*, doctor," growled the sore-hearted father. "I could guess as much as that *summun* had, for myself. You don't need to be a doctor to see that.

Even when Helen had ceased to rave, the effect of her scare did not depart. There she lay, a poor, weak, white, shorn little lamb, still often staring into vacancy with agitated eyes.

She almost lost a half-year of her life. The jasmine blossomed on the summer-house, the privet in the orchard hedge, rose-pink, claret, and sulphur hollyhocks peeped buxom as country beauties up at her bed-room window, but she did not see them.

As soon as the cranberries were ripe, one of her nurses brought her a plateful, with sugar to cool her poor little parched tongue; she might as well have given her magnesia-powdered pills. And when sense returned to her eye and appreciation to her palate, when she could eat a golden apricot with enjoyment, and glance with languid pleasure at the bunch of green hop-flowers that had been plucked to hang upon her bed, she still continued so hushed that all about her were made very sad. Her father had had enough to trouble him before: his daughter's illness seemed to take all spirit out of him. When the swifts took their departure he muttered.—

"Ah, they'll come back next year, but where'll my little Nell be then?"

Peas, rye, oats, barley, wheat, beans, had been cut. Beech leaves hung yellow, Michaelmas daisies were in blossom, thistle-down was floating in the air, starlings were congregating for their yearly flight, hop-picking was going on, when wrapped up like a mummy, Helen was carried from her bed in her old home to the light cart in which her father was going to drive her to the small farm he had taken for a new one — her brothers having obtained "lookers'" berths under neighbouring farmers.

As I have said, the old house had been greatly altered. At any rate, Helen did not express, did not even look, any regret at leaving it. She took as quietly to her new bed as she had lain in her old. When, however, winter came, and did not bring the awful weather associated with her first great fright, she began to revive. She was about again when the year broke, but when her disheartened father informed her of his intention of flinging up his new farm at Lady Day, she felt pleased.

He and she and her two brothers were going to try to build a new nest, all their own, beyond the sunny and the stormy seas. If they could only have taken mother with them, she would have been quite happy. The little farm was left at Lady Day, and the united family sailed from England just as the lilac was coming out.

Helen had visited Old Bere churchyard the Sunday before, and taken from her mother's grave a sod holding a primrose root, to be replanted almost within the hearing of the Pacific's curving, long, thunderous tumble-in upon the wet, yet hard-beaten sand.

CHAP. V.—HELEN'S REVENGE.

Years had passed. On a rise above a rich flat on the Hawkesbury's banks of alluvial soil stood a shingled, weather-board farm-house, with a verandah running round it, and a brick kitchen standing at a little distance from the house. Orange-trees in gold-be-dropt darkness begirt the white verandah. In the garden were standard peach-trees, grape-vines, water-melons, rock-melons, pie-melons, pumpkins—an abundance of vegetable things pleasant to the eye and taste. A barn and other farm buildings helped to form the home-stead. It owned natural pasture, paddocks of artificial grasses, lucerne-paddocks, wheat-paddocks, maize-paddocks. Poultry pecked and clucked, pigs grubbed and grunted about, cows and bullocks and a little mob of horses might be seen. Fish could be caught in the river—at any rate, at its mouth. Enough bush had been left round the farm to furnish as much shooting as farmers could find time for. Altogether, it seemed a very cosy little place, and its mistress was Helen; still the darling of her father and brothers, but grown

up into a fine young woman of twenty. All traces of illness and anxiety had vanished from her countenance.

She thought at times of Old Bere—especially of the green churchyard in which she had been so half-happily sad as she sat beside her mother's grave, and afterwards felt such excruciating fear; but her terror, though she would never forget it as long as she lived, no longer pressed upon her like a strangling incubus, brooded over her like an all-darkening shadow.

At the close of a peaceful Sunday she had gone to a shed to look after a young calf deprived of a mother's care, just as long ago she had nursed the little lamb at Old Bere, when suddenly she heard a moan. She got a light and looked about.

Lying on a heap of hay she saw a man whom she instantly recognized. The green smock-frock had been exchanged for a belted blue blouse, the corduroy breeches and leather buskins for moleskin trousers, the brown hair was grizzled, and there was a bristly beard on the sinister face; but Helen at once knew Grim Jim. He did not know her, but begged her to let him lie there in hiding, and to give him food and drink, for he was worn out.

He was an assigned servant, he said, had been transported about the time the Hellens left England, and had taken to the bush; the "Cove" and troopers were after him and had nearly run him down; a flogging that would deprive him of the little life left him would be his punishment if he should be captured. At the church on whose graveyard rails Helen had hung her horse's bridle that morning, the clergyman had taken for his text, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you....Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

Helen knew what would be the runaway's fate if she let her father and brothers learn where he was, and so she kept his secret, effectually concealed him, and ministered to his wants during the few hours his life still lingered on. The three men whom he had exiled started when they heard who had died on their premises, but they bore him out and buried him in the Bush; and she whose childhood he had so cruelly tormented was his only mourner.—*Sunday Magazine.*

DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a Drawing Lesson for the young.
—*Infants' Magazine.*

SANDY, THE HUNCHBACK.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

At the far end of the one little straggling street of the village of Glenburn, lived the widow MacPherson and her son "Sandy, the hunchback," as he was always called by the neighbors. At the other end stood the little kirk, under whose shadow lay her husband and five children; and now this one cripple boy was all that was left to remind her of long years of toil and loving service. Of all the bonnie lads and lasses, there remained but one—her poor deformed child. But the faithful mother's heart went out to him in double love and tenderness, and longed to shield him from every jeer and mocking laugh that stung his sensitive soul.

Sandy was no ideal character such as is often found in books, whose bodily deformity was more than balanced by the beauty of his face or the brilliancy of his genius. No, Sandy was not formed to be a hero of romance; he was only a shrewd Scotch boy, whose wits were exercised more than would have been the case had he been able to race over the moor, or wade the brooks fishing for trout, or climb the heathery sides of the hills after birds' nests, as did his more fortunate companions.

His round, freckled face was crowned by a shock of light hair, and his bright blue eyes were more keen than beautiful. However, to his mother he was all in all; and, to do him justice, his love for her was unbounded. He helped to cultivate her little patch of garden, hobbling about on his crutch, and he also contrived to eke out their scanty income by plaiting straw into mats and little fancy baskets, which found sale during the summer months, when the neighboring town was much frequented by tourists, who were glad to carry away pretty mementos of their visit to the rugged Scottish hills.

To most of the simple villagers Sandy was an object of compassion, and also a quiet sort of liking.

"He's a douce lad," one gossip would say to another; "but eh! my he'rt's just sair for his puir mither."

And "douce" Sandy generally was, unless when his naturally quiet temper was aggravated by taunts or mocking allusions to his misfortune, and then his hands would clench themselves hard together, and his blue eyes blaze into sudden wrath;—while, like any other wounded animal, he would hobble as swiftly as possible to his lowly home, sure of shelter and a loving welcome there.

"Eh, mither, what ha'e I dune," he would say sometimes, "that I s'uld be made sic a deformity?"

Then his mother would take his hand gently in hers, stroking it softly as she said:

"It's the Lord's will, my lamb, an' ye must just bear it for His sake."

"But its no richt o' Him," he answered once, "to mak' a body sae, an' then no' keep ithers frae flytin' them. I'd rather dee an' ha'e dune wi' it."

Then the tears rolled suddenly down the pale, patient face of his mother.

"Oh, my bonnie lamb, ye maunna' say sic things; ye brak' my he'rt wi' yer' wull words. An' eh! Sandy, to think ye'd like to dee an' leave yer puir auld minny, that wad just spill ilka drap o' her he'rt's bluid for ye gin it war ony guid!"

"Weel, weel, mither, I winna dee gin I can help it," Sandy answered with a queer grimace; "but I canna' see why ye s'uld be sae ower fond o' sic a crooked stick."

"Eh, Sandy, ye're no' a mither," said the widow, with a tearful smile; and as she moved about her work, she would pause often to give a nod or a word to Sandy, who sat whistling at his work under the old gnarled apple-tree which shaded the door.

To do them justice, the boys in the village were almost all of them ready to render Sandy any help they could, as he made his toilsome way about the place, or in his expeditions after the mosses and lichens with which he filled the baskets which he made for sale; but there were two, of about his own age, who were Sandy's special aversion. One, I am bound to confess, was the minister's son; and the other, his constant companion, Robert Allison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

"LET'S PLAY!"

BY H. H.

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
When they can't have the things they wish for,
They take others and cry: "Let's play!"

"Let's play" that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad car,
And that we are all taking journeys
And travelling ever so far.

"Let's play" that this broken old china
Is a dinner-set rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine!

"Let's play" every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play" that we live in a palace,
And that we are the queens and kings;
"Let's play" we are birds in a tree-top
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play" that we are school-keepers
And grown people come to our school;
And then punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule.

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say;
And we might be happy as they are,
If we would be happy their way.

What odds twixt not having and having,
When we have lived out our day!
Let us borrow the children's watchword—
The magical watchword "Let's play!"
—*N. Y. Independent.*

ABOUT A BIG BALL.

BY LUCY J. RIDER.

"Mamma," said little seven year-old-Robby, looking up at the full moon, almost over his head, "I should think the moon would come down some time."

"Ho! come down!" cried Master Benny. "*You* don't know much, Bob. Why, the moon's a great big world—'most as big as this is!"

"Is it, mamma?" asked Robby, earnestly

"It is a round world, my son, but not so large as ours. It would take about eighty moons to make one globe as large and as solid as ours."

Robby threw back his head, and watched the moon as it dived into a fleecy white cloud.

"It could come down, just the same, if it is big, meditated he."

"It is trying to come down as fast as it can," said Mrs. Bently.

"Whew!" exclaimed Benny, while Robby opened his eyes very wide at his mother, in surprise and some alarm.

"Wouldn't it smash?" asked he, anxiously.

Mrs. Bently smiled. "I think it would 'smash' some," said she; "but it will not get here very soon."

Bobby heaved a sigh of relief; but Benny, who was beginning to enquire into the *reason why* of things, looked at his mother and as if he expected something more. She did not disappoint him.

"What happens to your ball, my son, when you throw it up into the air?"

"Nothing."

"It stays up there, then?"

"Oh no! It comes down again, of course."

"What makes it come down?"

"It doesn't have to have a reason," put in Robby, laughing. "It always does just so." But Benny scratched his curly head and thought.

"There is a reason," said he. "Miss Green told us about it, the other day. There's something in the earth that pulls it down. Its—"

"Gravity?" suggested his mother.

"Gravity! that's it!" cried he. Then, seeing a puzzled look on Robby's face, he explained: "It pulls everything down to the ground, Robby, don't you see? same as if a string was hitched to it. But, mother, does it pull the moon too? I should think that would be too far off."

"Distance does not check it; gravity acts at all distances. But Benny, suppose you throw your ball, not up, but straight out from you; and suppose, too, that there were no gravity pulling it down to the ground,—what would become of it? It certainly would never fall to the ground."

"I don't know. I s'pose it would stop after a while."

"What would stop it?"

"It would just stop, without any reason," said Robby, positively.

"Nothing happens without a reason, my boy."

"Would it keep on going always, then?" asked Benny. "O mother! that's too funny."

"It certainly would so, however, if it did not hit anything."

"Might hit a house, or a mountain, or something."

"It would certainly hit something, even though it steered clear of everything solid."

"The moon! maybe it would hit the moon," said Robby, with animation.

"Ho! isn't the moon solid?" said Benny.

Robby subsided, and his more learned brother thought and thought, but *couldn't* think.

Mrs. Bently rose. "We must all go in," said she. "It is growing late." Then, as they entered the parlor, "It may help you to think, Benny, if you swing the door."

Swing the door! But the boy knew his mother meant something by hints like this, so he caught hold of the door, and swung it vigorously.

"What does it hit against?" asked Mrs. Bently.

"Not anything at all," replied Robby, watching the operation with great interest. But just then an idea popped into the head of the older boy.

"Oh, it's air!" cried he. "Of course; and that's what the ball would hit against, too. But, mother, air would never stop it, air is so—so soft."

"So is water soft, if you pass your hand slowly through it; but if you were to raise your hand high in the air, and strike down on water with force, you would find it hard enough to hurt your hand."

"O my! wouldn't it spatter?" said Robby. Then he fairly jumped out of his chair, as a grand idea struck him. "Let's try it, Ben," shouted he. "There's a tub of water down in the yard, I saw it; we can keep off the spatter with a numbrella!" Robby always would begin his umbrellas with an *n*.

About five minutes later the boys returned from their trip to the tub with wet coat-sleeves, but in excellent spirits. "It *did* spatter first-rate," announced Robby, damp but triumphant.

"And it hurt," added Benny, showing his red hand. "Why mother, it was almost like striking a board!"

"Many persons have been killed by falling broadside upon the water," said his mother.

"Divers understand this. Don't you know how they go head foremost, with their hands joined over their heads? They make a real wedge of themselves, to divide the resisting water. But to go back to our ball again. The air which the ball would hit, or better, through which it would make its way, though not nearly so dense as water, has a real resisting, *pushing back* power, and would soon stop the ball."

Benny reflected a moment. "But this doesn't have anything to do with the moon?" said he, thinking all the while that it did.

"Suppose," said his mother, drawing a bit of paper toward her, "that this large black ball that I draw with my pencil is the earth, and this," drawing a perpendicular mark about a quarter of an inch high—"is a high tower, on the earth, at the top of which you stand and throw your ball, not up, but straight out from you. It will fall to the ground in a curve, like this, a little way out from the foot of the tower, being drawn—'pulled down,' as you say—by the gravity of the earth. But suppose the tower is built higher and higher, and you throw the ball from you, with more and more force, the curves would be longer and longer, you see, and"—and as Mrs. Bently talked she drew her tower higher and higher—and threw balls from its top, which fell to the earth farther and farther from its foot, until at last—"

"Why, you're going to throw it clear over!" cried Benny.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bently quietly; "and that's just how it really is with the moon. It is continually *falling forward* over the earth."

"Why! *who throwed it?*" cried Robby, astonished out of what little he did know.

"Oh, I know!" corrected he softly; "it was God, I think. It must have been God, 'cause it's such a big one."

Benny sat very still for a moment thinking hard.

"Mother," said he, "I should think the air would stop it. You said the air would stop the ball."

"Ah! my boy, there is no air up where the moon is. The air only extends a few miles up from the earth's surface. The top of our tower here"—and Mrs. Bently picked up her paper again—"would be far above it all. No, Benny, there's no air to resist the moon in its course, and, having been startled on its onward way, it keeps on and on forever. But suppose you were to stand at the top of this tower, and just *drop* the ball, what would happen?"

"It would fall straight down," replied Benny.

"And it wouldn't make any differences whether it fell ten feet or ten miles, would it? Not a bit. And this is what would happen to that great shining ball, the moon: it would fall straight down to the earth, if it hadn't been *throwed*, as Robert says; that is, if God hadn't given it an *impulse* forward. But, Benny, can you tell what would happen if it were not for gravitation, that power that constantly draws it toward the earth?"

Benny could not tell.

Mrs. Bently took a large button from her work-basket, and tied it to the end of a string a foot long. "This button is the moon, and my hand is the earth, while the string"—and she made the button revolve rapidly around her hand—"represents the force of gravitation, drawing the moon down to the earth. No, if this string should break—"

"Oh, I see!" cried Benny; "the moon would fly off."

"Where would it fly to?" asked Robby.

"That would depend on the direction it happened to take," replied Mrs. Bently, "but it would certainly go far away from us, and in a little while we should see it no more. As it is, the *onward* force carrying it forward, and the *downward* force draw drawing it toward us, are so balanced as to keep it always revolving around the earth."

"Lucky for us that it happened so," said Benny.

"Did it *happen*, my son?" And neither of the boys will ever forget the tones of reverent love in their mother's voice as she repeated softly, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"—*S. S. Times.*

GOOD HUMOR.

Perhaps if the parents and teachers knew how the children sometimes speak of them it would have a salutary effect upon their tempers. Unfortunately, however, they do not see themselves as others see them; and they comfortably suppose that though they are irritable and petulant, the children are still loving and respectful. It is a great mistake. The love of children is only to be gained in the same way as that of other people. We must win their esteem by merit, kindness and courtesy, or it will not be ours at all. There was once an ill-tempered man who failed to understand this. He was often irritable and impatient, scolding and punishing his children, sometimes, at least, when they felt that they did not deserve it, and yet he expected the same love from them that other fathers who were reasonable and uniformly kind secured. One day he happened to hear his little boy speaking out of the fulness of his heart.

"I wish we could change fathers," he said, "Your father is so jolly, he always seems ready to play with you or do anything to make you happy."

"Of course, all fathers do that," said the other boy, "Doesn't yours?"

"No; indeed he does not. My father is nearly always tired, and has the headache. So mother says, but I believe it is only his ill-humor. He comes home with a frown on his face, and then we scarcely dare call our noses our own. He thrashes us, too, sometimes, and nobody likes that."

"But you deserve it, I suppose; and if you do, the least thing he has the right to expect of you is that you should take your thrashing in a manly way."

"But I do not always deserve what I get, and neither do others. Only this morning he punished me for telling a lie."

"Served you right, too."

"So it would have done if I had told the lie; but I did not."

"It was a mistake, but it was such a one as father often makes. I think he ought to take the trouble to learn the truth before he proceeds to punish us. When I am a man I will try to be less unjust and ill-tempered than he."

The father who thus heard his duty pointed out to him by his son, felt exceedingly grieved and uncomfortable. He did not know that he had been unreasonable and unjust, though as the boy said, he had taken very little trouble to ascertain the truth. He had never doubted but that he had the esteem and love of his children; for they were always respectful and obedient to him, and he supposed that the moving power was love. He discovered now that he had been mistaken, and that they were only docile because they were afraid to be otherwise, and that there was very little true affection in their hearts for him. And when he asked himself how this was, the reason was not difficult to find. He was not a drunkard, who neglected to provide for his children. He was a Christian man, industrious, painstaking, and thoughtful. He took care that they were always well dressed, and that they attended a good school, where they would be fitted for their future work. He did not neglect their religious education, nor fail to secure proper advantages for them in all respects. Indeed, the more he thought of it the more he convinced himself that he was almost a model father. The only thing that was wrong about him he was often in an ill-humor. He saw, however, how this one thing interfered with his influence, and he resolved to conquer it if he could, that he might have the esteem and love of his children. And he did that which he aimed to do, by simply keeping a smile on his face instead of a frown, and letting his voice speak in cheery tones instead of perpetually grumbling and finding fault.—*Health Reformer.*

TACKS IN THE CARPET.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

It is nearly two o'clock, and my "heart is set" on finishing the task I have on hand—taking up the entry carpet, and getting it shaken and laid again, when in rushes Willie: "Mamma, I met Miss Libbie just now, and she says she and Miss Lou are coming to tea, unless I go and tell her you're too busy."

Is it not always so? These older Sunday-school girls have been so hard to win, and I have urged them again and again to come to me at "at any time," and now—but the chance of winning their hearts is too precious, and, I say, "All right; if you'll help mamma, Willie, we can get everything in order, and you shall sit up to tea."

The little fellow is delighted and runs up and down, until at last I have been all round the edges of the carpet, and pulled out every tack. "Now, Willie, the carpet is loose, and you may roll it up, while I find Fritz to shake it." I come back in a few moments to find Willie tugging at my poor old carpet.

"It won't come up mamma."

In a moment it all comes back to me. I seem to live over again that weary time last year when we were moving. How I had pieced and pieced this carpet, sewing each part carefully, till I grew tired and impatient, and persuaded myself that tacks would do just as well as stitches. "This part of the entry is dark, and no one will know it isn't sewed. I sha'nt be busy next year, and then I'll sew it." And *here* is next year, with all those dreadful tacks to be painfully extracted, the perverse things being well trodden in! It is no use making any moan, and I worked away steadily, resolving to sew the piece strongly to-morrow, and thinking how apt we are in more important things to think that "tacks will do." Our children need daily, hourly, thought and care: ah, how often we use *tacks* instead of thread. Tom runs in just as you have begun the book you have been saving for a quiet time. "Mamma, can I go and play with Harry, or shall I bring him here?" "Oh, run along, dear, be a good boy." Somehow you don't feel quite as comfortable as before. You remember how Tom has talked of this new friend of his, whom you hardly know, and how you fully intended to take the first opportunity to study his character. I hope you won't find these tacks have to be be lifted out years hence, when Tom has been gradually led away by Harry, who has no Christian influences at home.

How apt we are to resort to shifts—mere tacks—in our home government. The children are allowed to be careless in their dress and manners, at table, till your friend writes that he hopes to spend a few days with you. How you tack on little amendments to the poor youngsters' behavior.

"Tom, remember to have clean hands while Miss L. is here. Mary, Mary! you are *shovelling* the food into your mouth. Now, children, I hope you will *all* remember (impressively, with a special look at your six year old boy, who has been "carting dirt" all the morning) to behave your best while Miss L. is here."

Tacks, all of it; and sooner or later, when some clearing or testing time comes, these boys and girls will be found to be merely veneered with good manners,—not innately and truly refined from a steady and quiet home discipline.

Yet to this, as to all things, there is the other side. Tacks are good in their place; and not too many of them either, or too firmly driven in. How many waste time and energy over things of little moment; such people never "slight" anything, and either wear out, or wear out others, very soon. Who among us cannot number at least one among our acquaintance who would not use these useful little helps on any account. The rooms must all be swept and dusted, the full complement of pies baked, the sink and tables scrubbed as though we were to eat from, and the kitchen made to look like a second-class parlor, though servants have left and the work bears her down, and she can be no companion to her husband when he comes home tired at night. Here would be the chance for a right use of "tacks." Have one room neat and pleasant, and let the others "go" for a while. Cook only what is easy—see if John does not eat to or three plates full of corn starch and cream without asking for pie. If your dishes, etc., are clean, shut the door between kitchen and dining-room, and take the time that the "wonderful housekeeper" would spend in scrubbing, on your

lounge, with a copy of some bright, cheery paper, something that will lift you above mere dish washing, so that John need not have his evening flavored with soap-suds. Let us use tacks when our consciences approve, but beware of them when we want others to think the place has been "hand-sewed."—*Christian Union.*

HOW A GENOESE KITCHEN MAID BECAME THE PATRON SAINT OF COOKS.

In the Italian calendar—martyrology, beadroll, whatever you please to call it—there is a St. Zita, and St. Zita is the patron saint of cook's maids.

St. Zita was a Genoese cook, devoted to her master and mistress—still more devoted to heaven and heavenly things. The people of the house were kindly folk, fairly well-to-do and not inclined to meddle or find fault with Zita, so long as dinner was ready at the appointed hour. Zita was an accomplished cook. It is, however, written that we cannot serve two masters, and so Zita, while serving as faithfully as she might her earthly lords, sometimes neglected her kitchen's cares for the care of her soul. She attended church, as we might say, inveterately, and with all her skill and attention it sometimes happened that dinner was a few minutes late or the roast was a trifle burned. She promised not to offend again and was again reinstated; besides then, as now, good cooks were rare in Genoa, and she could not easily be replaced.

One day Zita's master and mistress gave a dinner, a rare, a memorable, a monumental thing in Genoa, and she was commanded to surpass herself. Rising at dawn she went to market, brought back two huge baskets of fish, flesh fowl, and fruit; then—for it was so early—before even kindling a fire, hastened to the church to say a prayer. While on her knees, absorbed in meditation, she fell into an ecstasy. Mass was concluded, noon came, hour after hour she remained kneeling before the altar with no thought of time, the earth, dinner.

When at last Zita, with a sigh, returned to herself and stepped from the church, what was her horror and surprise to see the sun—setting! It was dinner time and the vegetables were not even washed and pared! She would be ignominiously driven from the house, and her innocent master would suffer for her fault. Because, look you, they do not give dinner parties without due provocation at Genoa. A dinner is a grave, an important affair for those who give it, and interesting, unusual and curious for those who see it given. What would the neighbors say when, the guests being assembled, there would be no dinner waiting for them? The hosts would be sneered at, lampooned, pointed at in the streets and driven from society. She, too, would be ruined, for how could she ever find another place after leaving one under such circumstances?

The humble and pious woman would not have minded losing her place—that was only a just expiation of her crime, but that she should have involved in the calamity her employers (kind people, though lax in observing the statutory facts of the Church)—this was terrible. Arrived at the door, she was inclined to fly, but remembered that it was cowardly and unchristian to seek to avoid a punishment so justly due. There was no patron saint of cooks at that time, and being unable to select one, she commended herself to Heaven, praying for strength to enable her to bear her afflictions. This done, she humbly but resolutely entered the house

On the kitchen step she paused; an exquisite odor of cooking came to her nostrils. "It cannot be, and yet it must," she said to herself; "dinner is in course of preparation. The mistress has missed me and given me up—then sent for another girl. None the less shall I be dismissed, but my innocent employers will not suffer." She advanced a few steps further and drank in again the perfect perfume. "The author of that stew," she said, "is up in her business. I thought myself unapproachable," she added, with a little outburst of human frailty, which was promptly repressed, "but that cook is my equal." So saying, she entered the kitchen.

As she did so she heard a soft sound like the rustling of wings, but seeing no one, concluded that it was the dress of her accomplished successor, who was doubtless moving about in the pantry. The range was lit, the stewpans were all at work; from each escaped an ineffable fragrance. She lifted the lids and tasted. "I was wrong," she said, "in thinking that this cook was a cook of my class. She is one the strings of whose apron I am not worthy to unloose. I never thought that my art could have been carried to such perfection. But where is the cook? How can such an artist expose such a dinner to being overdone?" She gently set the simmering meats back from the fire, and then observed that the fire was neither red nor fierce—it was a lambent blue flame, with a faint odor of incense.

More and more amazed, she went up to the dining room. The table was set with exquisite neatness,

"Well, Zita," said her mistress kindly, contemplating the table with pride, "is dinner ready?"

"It is, signora," replied the maid; "dinner is ready to serve, but I do not see anybody."

"Not see anybody? No, of course not. The guests are out on the terrace with your master. You and I are alone in the house."

Zita pinched herself to be quite sure she was not dreaming.

She served the dinner. It was a dinner that—!!!! They still speak of it with ecstasy and awe in the family of those descended from the guests, where have been faithfully preserved the traditions of it for more than two centuries.

Zita had only to render thanks to Heaven, for, as you will have readily guessed, the angels had taken possession of the pious girl's kitchen while she was in her rapture before the altar.

What a pretty picture it must have been to see the dimpled cherubs (such as Murillo drew, without a doubt), hovering from pan to pot, with little aprons and white caps, finishing the sauces and tasting the dishes from the tips of their pink fingers!

Such is the story of Saint Zita, as told to this day by the pious cooks of Genoa, whom, alas! no angels ever assist.—*N. Y. World.*

WHICH SUCCEEDED?

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt removes the last of the famous trio of millionnaires: Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt. The first was a capitalist, and might have existed in the palmy days of Greece or Rome; the second was a merchant, and had his prototype in the burghers of Amsterdam in the last century; but the third could have existed only in the present age; Watts, Fulton, and Stephenson were the creators of his career.

The man who began by running a ferry-boat between Staten Island and New York at 18 cents a passenger, and ended by completing and directing the only four-track railroad in the world, is generally accounted an exceptionally successful man. He was one of the most remarkable men New York ever produced. He possessed a large brain; his physique was magnificent, a study for the sculptor: his intuitive knowledge of men was a gift; his powers of endurance were great; he combined a grasp of great principles with a comprehension of minute details, a combination rare even in exceptional men; he had the foresight of a prophet with the caution of a man of affairs; and he gave himself to success with a tenacity of purpose which is always the condition of achievement. Such a combination of characteristics would have made him eminent in whatever age his lot had been cast. Had he been an ecclesiastic, he would have been a Gregory or a Hildebrand; had he been a king, he would have been a Charlemagne or a Napoleon.

His energy and enterprise have conferred great material benefits upon the public. He began by substantially founding the ferry between New York and Staten Island, which ought to be her best, as it is by nature her most beautiful suburb. He was one of the creators of what has since grown to be the great natural highway between New York and Philadelphia. He was chief among the promoters of steam navigation on the Sound and up the Hudson. He opened an ocean route for the early emigration to California; and the discomforts of that much-abused line were less due to any fault of his than incidental to a crowded traffic on a new highway. He brought the Harlem Railroad up from a seemingly hopeless bankruptcy, and his consolidation and administration of the Hudson River and Central Railroads have conferred on the State a benefit second only to that derived from the Erie Canal.

But these public benefits were wholly in the material realm. He put forth no power to make men wiser or better in character and life. They were incidental, we might almost say accidental. He was abundantly, even exorbitantly paid for them. True, he gave a church to the "Strangers" in New York city, and founded a university in Tennessee; and the good he has thus done will outrun and outlast all his other successes. But if men of moderate means were to give only in the proportion in which he gave, charity would be cold and poverty poor indeed. The Lazarus that sat at the gate ate only the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Within a few days another man has died: not in his own mansion; not surrounded by affectionate friends and all endearments; not with half a dozen physicians and nurses numerous; not with his name from day to day mentioned in the papers; not with the thermometer of his life recorded, as in the weather department every change of temperature is recorded. He died in the midst of unutterable horror—for in that terrific plunge made through the broken bridge at Ashtabula it would seem as though all the gorgons had come together; and whatever could be done by heat, by cold, by bruises, by rending, by piercing, whatever could be done by burning and by laceration, was done. There Mr. Bliss died: not a great man; not a great thinker; not a great poet; not a great musician; but a man whose whole life was devoted, seriously and earnestly and sweetly, to the work of softening, and enriching and ennobling the dispositions of men. His hymns will not last as Watt's have lasted, nor as Wesley's; but they have been adapted to certain wants in our time, and they have moved the whole generation of schools and churches. His melodies will not last as the music of Mozart, or Beethoven, or that of a host of others; and yet they have been a power in this land. And the songs written by Mr Bliss have been a silent influence as sweet and as gentle as dew and rain in summer, and they have nourished ten thousand times ten thousand tender roots, and they have caused spiritual joys and sacred emotions to spring up almost more in number than flowers that are made to spring up by the showers of summer.

Here was a man unknown, except as a sweet singer in Israel; his life has suddenly ceased. A few papers mentioned him; but he had no elaborate biographies, no editorial eulogies; he held no such place in the world's esteem as Mr. Vanderbilt had. And yet, though Mr. Vanderbilt was unutterably vaster in stature both of body and mind, and unutterably stronger in the lower range of strength, Mr. Bliss has done the far grander work. He has sweetened life. He has opened the door through which ten thousand souls have seen the other world. He has made the heavens transparent. He has quickened faith. He has nourished love. He has caused joy to bud and to blossom. He has made religion to be effulgent. He has brought something of the very spirit of the heavenly chants down to earth, and made little children understand the glory of the Saviour's love. To servants, to poor unlettered women, he has been as the tongue of the Lord. A gentle lambent flame, not visible, has rested on his head, as upon the pentecostal feast; and the years that he has lived have been put into the work of developing, ameliorating, and sanctifying the dispositions of men.

The work of the one was material, of the other spiritual; the work of the one was for time, of the other for eternity; the one built railroads and founded steamship lines, the other helped to found character and to build men.—*Christian Union.*

THE ONLY WAY.

A young man was walking with some gay companions in a dark forest. They were not sure that they knew the exact course they wished to pursue, and yet the laugh, the story and the song beguiled their way. They hoped to come out at the right place, and thus get home safely. But suddenly the sky grew dark the birds ceased their singing, and in the distance they heard the howling of the hungry beasts of prey. Soon one of the young men stumbled over something, and down, down he fell, with a piercing cry of horror! His companions saw him as he fell down the steep and fearful precipice. Their fears soon gave place to joy, for they saw he had not fallen to the bottom, but had caught hold of a bush half way down. They called out to him, "Hang on, and we will save you." They soon made a long rope, which seemed very strong, but, alas! it was made of material which may be called "Self righteousness," and had no strength at all. It looked as if they could never break it, and so as they let it down to him, he seized it with all his might. They called to him, "Hold on and we will draw you up," but they did not lift him an inch before it broke all to pieces. "Oh," he shouted, "the rope is broken; give me something stronger. Be quick, for my hands ache dreadfully!"

Then they made another. It seemed very hard, and they said it must hold. It was made of "Morality." Now, said they, "Take hold of the rope, and we will draw you to the top." But they scarcely moved him before it snapped like the other. Again he cried, "Give me something stronger, or I shall fall and be killed."

While they were making a third rope, the poor fellow turned his eye downward, but could see nothing but darkness.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice saying, "Fall, fall; I will save thee. My arms will catch thee; let go, and fall into them." His friends on the brink above did not hear this sweet voice, and so they kept busily at work till they had finished a third rope, made of a very common material, which they found near at hand twisted together, and called "Good Resolutions."

"Now," said his friends, "we have a rope which you can never break."

"No sooner had these words sounded in his ears, than he again heard that calm, mysterious voice from below—"Fall into my arms; I am mighty to save."

But, like many with proud hearts, he again, seized the rope, though with almost nerveless hands. He was at the same time greatly frightened at what should have rejoiced his heart, for he thought he saw a sword (the sword of the Spirit) cutting off the roots of the bush.

"Hold on; we will soon get you to the top. It's the last rope we can give you." And so they pulled with all their might; but, like the other three, it broke as if it were a cotton thread. There he hung, with but little strength left, and yet again he heard that pleading voice—"Fall, fall; I will save thee."

"But it is dark, and I cannot see you."

"Trust my word, and see. Let go at once."

And yet again his foolish companions shouted, "Hold on; hold on!"

The bush at last gave way, being cut entirely by that strange sword. As he felt his strength all gone, he faintly cried, "Lord save or I perish!" What was his joy when suddenly he found himself firmly clasped in the mighty arms of Him who is "able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him!"

Now, my dear young friends, is not this a picture of the way you have been trying to climb up to heaven? Have you not often felt that you could by your own good works merit a home in the mansions above? This you can never do. Give up every other hope, and trust only in Jesus. Let go the bush," and fall into Jesus' arms, and you will be as happy as this young man and the little girl who were led by this simple story to see the only way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.—*London Globe.*

"WHAT DOES IT MATTER SO LONG AS YOU'RE HAPPY?"

"When will my boots be ready, Sody?" enquired Mr. Almond.

"On Saturday, sir, without fail," was the reply.

"Well, you always do keep your word, I must say," added the other, "and I should think you are about the only shoemaker in all London that does so. There's generally a pair of lies at least to every pair of boots."

"Customers shouldn't help'em so to do it," said old Sody, with a knowing look.

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, customers come and beat a man down to *their* time; they won't believe anything he says about impossible, and promises here and there. No; it must be done—'say so, now.' Just as oversharp people beat a tradesman down to their price; and what's the consequence?"

"And that's what you won't do, eh, Sody? But tell us how you manage to be so independent. Suppose, now, that I had said you must let me have my boots by Friday."

"Well, I should have told you I was very sorry, but I couldn't."

"Then suppose I told you I wouldn't wait."

"Why, in that case, sir," replied the shoemaker, with a good-humored smile, "you would have had to get them done somewhere else. 'First come, first serve,' is my maxim, and another is, 'a promise is a promise all the world over.' If I had promised to do a little job for a poor man by a certain time, and there came in the Prince of Wales, and ordered a pair of boots, I should go after the little job first."

"Well done, Sody!" said Mr. Almond, tickled at the idea; "that is what I call good principle. Why, a man like you ought to be doing something else than sitting over his lapstone from morning to night."

"I'm quite content, sir, to be what I am," said the old man, placidly, without any sigh of resignation.

"Humph!" said the other, with a glance round the leathery den; "then you are easily contented. I'm not much in love, I can tell you, with my own condition in life; it's weary work to be always grinding at what you don't care a pin about; but if I had, like you, to be for ever making and mending boots, which, after all, are so very like one another, I should go crazy, or bury the awl in my spine."

"What does it matter what you are so long as you're happy?" said the shoemaker, grinning in his turn.—*By the Rev. Arthur Brown in "The Quiver" for January.*

—Do I pass through the world fulfilling the part which God has appointed as mine, not going out of it to avoid temptations, but endeavoring to overcome them in Christ's strength? Do I so live that all can see that though in the world I am not of it but above it? Have I washed my soul white in the blood of the Lamb? By prayer and watchfulness, and in humble dependence on the Holy Spirit, do I keep myself unspotted from the world?

The righteous Lord loveth righteousness.

PSALM 11 : 9.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IX.

MARCH 4.]

THE STORY OF NABOTH. [About 890 B. C.]

READ 1 Kings xxi. 4-14. RECITE vs. 7, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord.—1 Kings xxi. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Covetousness makes criminals.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xxi. 4-14. *T.*—Prov. xix. 1-12. *W.*—1 Tim. vi. 6-19. *Th.*—Eccl. iv. *F.*—2 Sam. xi. 14-27. *Sa.*—Acts vi. 8-15. *S.*—Prov. xxv. 14-28.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elijah called Elisha as his successor; the Syrians twice defeated by Ahab who was reproved for sparing their king; Ahab desires Naboth's vineyard: through the wickedness of Jezebel, Naboth is slain.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Do not fail to read verses 15 to 29, foretelling the terrible punishment of Ahab and Jezebel for this and other great sins.

NOTES.—*Na'-both*, owner of ground, and a vineyard near Jezreel, beside Ahab's palace; was a pious man, regarding the law forbidding the sale of an inheritance. Lev. xxv. 23-28. *Jez'-e-bel*, wife of Ahab. *Seal* Letters were sealed as now in the East, not signed as with us. Arabs carry a seal fastened within their girdle with great care, or secreted in their personal clothing. Jezebel having the king's seal makes it probable that he knew of her wicked use of it. *Be'-li-al* occurs 16 times in the Old Testament; twice translated "wicked," once "ungodly," and 13 times as a proper name; here means "worthless," or wicked persons.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) AHAB'S PASSION. (II.) JEZEBEL'S PLOT. (III.) NABOTH MURDERED.

I. AHAB'S PASSION (4.) HEAVY AND DISPLEASED "sullen and angry" (*Hebrew*); 1 Kings xx. 43; NABOTH, see Notes; GIVE THEE—that is, sell thee, see v. 6; INHERITANCE, the law forbade its sale, Lev. xxv. 23; Num. xxxvi. 7; BED, couch; TURNED AWAY HIS FACE to avoid conversation. (5.) JEZEBEL see Notes. (6.) FOR MONEY, or silver in bars, not coined.

I. QUESTIONS.—Why was Ahab "displeased?" Where was the vineyard? How did Ahab want to use it? v. 2. Why would not Naboth sell it? What was the law as to selling inheritances? Lev. xxv. 23, &c. How did Ahab act in his anger? Who came to enquire the cause of his sadness? How did the king explain it?

II. JEZEBEL'S PLOT (7.) DOST THOU GOVERN? perhaps spoken in derision, or "Art thou king, to be thwarted by a subject?" (*Speaker's Com.*); I WILL GIVE, the emphasis is on "I." If you as king are weak I the queen will do this. "Inform of purpose! give me the dagger." (*Shakespeare.*) (8.) WROTE LETTERS, as if written by Ahab; SEALED . . . HIS SEAL, Arab letters are not usually signed as with us, but stamped with a seal, see picture. (9.) A FAST, a shocking pretence; SET NABOTH ON HIGH. *Heb.* "on the top of the people"—that is, as a prisoner in court is usually set up above the people. (10.) SONS OF BELIAL, see Notes; BLASPHEME, the Hebrew word commonly means "bless" but here used in the opposite sense of "cursing" as now persons may say, "I'll give you a blessing," meaning the opposite; CARRY HIM OUT, outside the city, Acts vii. 58; STONE HIM, Lev. xxiv. 16.

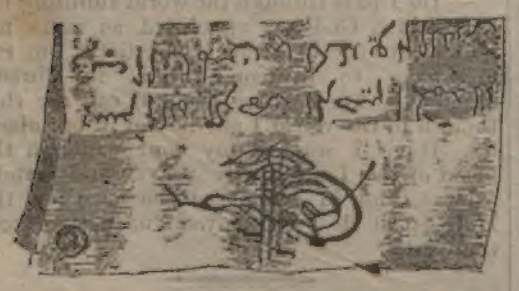
II. QUESTIONS.—What was Jezebel's question to the king? v. 7. What did she offer to do? What letters did she write? How did she sign them? To whom were they sent? With what orders? How was Naboth to be accused? By what kind of witnesses? With what result?

III. NABOTH MURDERED. (11.) AS JEZEBEL HAD SENT, this shows the low moral sense of the people. (13.) STONED HIM, and from 2 Kings ix. 26 his sons were stoned to death also. (14.) SENT TO JEZEBEL, probably a messenger.

III. QUESTIONS.—Who carried out Jezebel's wicked orders? Who? Describe the manner of doing it. What shows that it was done publicly? State the accusation. The sentence. How executed? Where? Upon whom beside Naboth? What report was made of it. To whom?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

The danger of covetousness?



PART OF A TURKISH FIRMAN, OR LETTER, WITH A PHŒNICIAN SEAL ATTACHED—THE SEAL IS COPIED FROM AN ANCIENT SPECIMEN.—See Ayre's *Bible Treasury*.

LESSON X.

MARCH 11.]

ELIJAH TRANSLATED. [About 896 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings ii. 1-12. RECITE vs. 8, 9, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.—Gen. v. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Heaven is the home of the righteous.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Kings ii. 1-12. *T.*—Ruth i. 6-18. *W.*—Josh. iii. 7-17. *Th.*—Mark xi. 22-33. *F.*—John xvi. 16-25. *Sa.*—Ps. lxviii. 17-24. *S.*—Acts i. 1-11.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Ahab humbled himself, and his punishment was delayed; he and Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, fought with Syria: Ahab was slain; Ahaziah, his son, king (2 years); Elijah called fire from heaven and consumed two military companies of Ahaziah; Jehoram, brother of Ahaziah, king of Israel (12 years); Elijah went to heaven in a whirlwind.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the solemn scene awed Elisha into silence, and he wished "the sons" to be silent also. We may well be silent when God comes specially near.

NOTES.—*Gil'-gal*, not the place where Joshua set up the 12 stones, for that is *below* Bethel; but the prophets went down from Gilgal to Bethel. This Gilgal was in Ephraim, between Nablus and Bethel, about eight and a half miles north of the latter, and now called *Jiljilieh*. *Beth'-el* see *Notes*, Lesson II. *Jor'-dan* "the descender," chief river of Palestine; has four sources: the Hasbany, Banias, Leddan, and Esh-shar; rising near the foot of Mt. Hermon, runs south through Lakes Huleh and Galilee, and empties into the Dead Sea; rises 1,700 feet above the Mediterranean, while its mouth is 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean, making its total descent about 3,000 feet; length of river by the crooked channel is about 225 miles, in a direct line about 136 miles; is about 400 feet wide at its mouth; is crossed by many fords, and by one or two bridges near the Sea of Galilee. *E-li'-sha*, see next lesson.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ELIJAH'S LAST JOURNEY. (II.) HIS BEQUEST TO ELISHA. (III.) HIS TRANSLATION.

I. ELIJAH'S LAST JOURNEY. (1.) LORD WOULD TAKE UP, the event was known to Elijah, Elisha, and the prophets of Bethel and Jericho; GILGAL, see Notes. (2.) TARRY HERE, said, perhaps, to try Elisha's faithfulness, or because the coming scene was so sacred that Elijah wished to be alone; TO BETHEL, about eight and a half miles, see Notes: THE LORD LIVETH, an earnest affirmation, like an oath, 1 Sam. xx. 3; xxv. 26. (3.) SONS OF THE PROPHETS, those in the schools of the prophets; FROM THY HEAD, from his place at thy head; disciples sat at the feet of their master; HOLD YOUR PEACE, say nothing to disturb us. (4.) TO JERICHO, about twelve and a half from Bethel. (5.) PROPHETS, these schools were not for education merely, but great missionary centres from which laborers went forth to the Lord's work like that of the old Chaldee church on Iona Island. See Taylor's "Elijah," p. 181. (6.) TO JORDAN, about 5 miles from Jericho. (7.) FIFTY OF THE SONS, the school at Jericho was large; 50 were only a portion of it; STOOD TO VIEW, afar off, or to view in sight, or "over against" Jericho, perhaps going upon the high hills behind Jericho, whence they could see across the Jordan. (8.) MANTLE, "sheepskin" says the Greek version; it may have been made of skins; WRAPPED, rolled it together; SMOTE, Ex. xiv. 21; Josh. iii. 14.

I. QUESTIONS.—What was the Lord about to do for Elijah? To what place did the two prophets first go? State Elijah's request at Gilgal, v. 2. Why made? How answered by Elisha? Who met them at Bethel? With what message for Elisha? How did he receive it? What request was repeated at Bethel? How again answered? Describe the next place visited. What schools are supposed to have been at these three places? For what purpose? What message was repeated to Elisha by the prophets at Jericho? How again received? State the third request of Elijah to Elisha. Why made three times? (See under v. 3.) To what river did they go? How far had they travelled from Gilgal? (About 26 miles.) Whither did the "sons of the prophets" go? How many of them? For what purpose? How did the prophets cross Jordan? When had it been crossed near his place before in a similar way? Who by? Josh. iii. 13.

II. HIS REQUEST TO ELISHA (9.) WHAT I SHALL DO, make your final request; DOUBLE PORTION OF THY SPIRIT, let "two parts" be given me (*Heb.*), the heir or "first born" received "two portions" (Deut. xxi. 17), so Elisha asked to be made Elijah's heir and successor—not, as some say, to be made twice as great a prophet, (10.) HARD THING "hast done hard in asking" (*marginal reading*); SEE ME, if thou continue faithful.

II. QUESTIONS.—State Elijah's final request to Elisha. Where made. Elisha's response. What he meant by "double portion." Why does his request not mean twice as great a prophet? On what conditions would the request be granted?

III. HIS TRANSLATION. (11.) CHARIOT OF FIRE, so it appeared to Elisha; afterward his servant saw a similar appearance, 2 Kings vi. 17. (12.) MY FATHER, cried, "O my master, my master, who by thy prayers wast better to Israel than chariots and horses" (*Chaldee Targum*); RENT THEM IN TWO PIECES, in token of his sorrow over his loss.

III. QUESTIONS.—How were the prophets engaged now as they journeyed? What appeared to them? What did it do to them? Whither did Elijah go? By what? State Elisha's cry. Its meaning. His first act after this. What it showed.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The value of faithfully serving God even in a wicked nation.

(2.) The benefit of being a companion of a godly person?

(3.) The reality of heaven?

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